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Tiger Hunt in Paraguay.

Hunting the tiger is one of the favourite diversions of the Guanches, a native tribe of Paraguay, distinguished by their singular courage and activity. The deserts they inhabit are much infested by wild beasts, among which the tiger holds the first place; but he has a formidable enemy in the Guanche, who with his *lazo*, a long rope with a noose, never fails to overcome him. The Guanches are very fond of riding, and pique themselves on their skill in breaking in their steed. The plains through which they wander contain an immense quantity of horses and wild mules. Mounted on their well-trained coursers, the Guanches dart on a troop of wild horses, the *lazo* is thrown, and one is caught. The Guanche, who now dismounts, whirls another *lazo* round his captive, who becomes completely entangled: then, without stirrups or bridle, and merely with spurs and words of command, the Guanche masters the impatient animal, which paws the ground, and darts away with the rapidity of lightning. Indignant at his burden he stops, prances and rolls in the dust, and the Guanche rolls along with him. He then darts off again, and, in order to terrify his adversary, who still keeps his seat, traverses rocks, clears precipices, and swims the streams. At length, worn out with fatigue, he falls and submits to the bridle. But it is not enough that the horse becomes obedient and transports his master from one country to another, he must also brave the same dangers with him, and second him in his boldest attacks, even on the tiger, at the mere sight of which almost every animal takes to flight. To the horse, in his wild state, the appearance of the tiger is peculiarly terrific; yet this noble animal is here brought to look his foe in the face, and not to run away until a certain signal is given.

When the Guanche goes to hunt the tiger, he does not take the smallest supply of provisions, although he traverses immense barren plains, which produce nothing but a few stalks that serve for the nourishment of cattle.

When the Guanche is hungry he seeks after a herd of wild horses, catches one of them with his *lazo*, and,

throwing the animal down, cuts off a piece of his flesh with a knife, and restores him to liberty. He quenches his thirst at a spring, and then begins his chase after wild beasts. The hoarse roar of the tiger soon informs him of his prey; he spurs his horse forward towards the monster he intends for a victim; when he meets with him he stands, and then a terrible combat ensues.

Of the manner in which the Guanche hunts the tiger, our engraving presents a most correct and spirited representation, from a drawing by Mr. Arago, who accompanied Captain Freycinet in his circumnavigation of the globe; and to the same author we are indebted for the following interesting account of the tiger combat: "It is not (says M. Arago, in his valuable "Narrative" just published) force but skill which conquers. The Guanche whirls his *lazo*; he speaks, he calls aloud, he is ready for his enemy—his terrible enemy, who, with his belly almost touching the ground, is astonished to see any being swalling his approach, and provoking him: his eyes roll furiously, he opens his vast jaws, still red with the blood of his last victim, and indignant at finding an opponent, he seeks with his eye for the place on which he intends to spring. The Guanche is all the time fierce, prudent, and tranquil, governing his astonished but obedient courser with his feet; he makes him retreat without turning his face from the tiger, who follows him step by step, watching for a false movement. The Guanche knows this; he therefore makes his horse rear up; the tiger darts forward, and is caught; the horse springs away on his hind legs with all his power, dragging the ferocious beast after him. The Guanché sometimes turns round, and if his *lazo* has only caught the neck of the tiger, he flings a second, which binds the legs, and he is now conqueror. He now dismounts, arms himself with the two knives which he carries in his boots, and sacrifices his victim. Having finished his day's work, he returns to Monte Video, sells the skin of the animal he has killed, caresses his horse, and hastens to seek new dangers.

"If, in the combat with the tiger, it happens that the *lazo* has missed, which is very seldom the case, the Guanche arms himself with his two knives, and defends himself very courageously. The horse sees the danger of his master, and instead of galloping over, presents his own chest to the enemy. His blood flows, but his courage never for one minute fails him—he knows that his master will not forsake him. If the tiger, exhausted by fatigue, allows the horseman a single moment's respite, it is all over with him: the *lazo*, which is always ready at the saddle, is again laid hold of; and for a Guanche twice to miss his aim, is almost unexampled."

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR OF MR. KEMBLE.

The progress of an actor of talent, from his rise to his setting, is a fine exemplification of the truth of Shakspeare's observation; that,

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players."

The course of an actor in the public estimation, strikingly resembles the transit across existence of the character which he represents; and if his transitions on the stage are from "grave to gay, from lively to severe," they are but resemblances of the chequered course of real life.

A gentleman, who for a long course of years held a distinguished rank on the stage, and was much respected in private life, has just "shuffled off this mortal coil," and passed to that "undiscovered country from whose bourn no traveller returns."

John Philip Kemble, whose death took place somewhat suddenly at Lausanne, in Switzerland, on the 26th ult. was born at Prescot, in Lancashire, on the 1st of February, 1757. Like many other eminent actors, he may be said to have been cradled on the stage. At the time of his birth, his father, Mr. Roger Kemble, was manager of a company of comedians, who had a regular routine of performances in Lancashire, and some of the neighbouring counties. And we learn from a play-bill of that time, that when Kemble was only ten years old, he played in his father's company, at Worcester, the part of the *Duke of York*, in the tragedy of *King Charles the First*. The early part of his education he received in the Roman Catholic Seminary at Sedgley Park, Staffordshire. He was afterwards, in the year 1770, sent by his father to the College of Douay, in order that he might be qualified for one of the learned professions. Nature, however, had obviously "picked and chosen" him from the world for a peculiar destination. Even at Douay, he had rendered himself remarkable by his recitations of Shakspeare; and on his return to England,

he made his appearance at Wolverhampton, in the character of *Theodosius*, in *The Force of Love*, without any extraordinary success. His second appearance was in *Bajazet*, in which he produced a stronger impression. The provincial life of an actor presents little besides anxiety, toil, and uncertainty. Of these, Mr. Kemble was not without his share. He has often related to his friends the vexation he felt at continued neglect, while men of stronger lungs, and more boisterous action, were honoured with attention and applause. At York, he distinguished himself by recitations, and at Edinburgh, by delivering an able lecture on sacred and profane oratory. It was, however, a Dublin audience which first appreciated his merits. In 1782, he appeared in that city in the character of *Hamlet*, and in 1783 came out in the same character at Drury-lane Theatre. His reputation was immediately established; but it was not until the year 1788, that he became the monarch of the stage. In 1787, he married Mrs. Brereton, daughter of Mr. Hopkins, the prompter of Drury-lane Theatre.

This event, which Mr. Kemble, we believe, never for a moment regretted, was accelerated by a singular circumstance. The daughter of a nobleman is said to have discovered a strong passion for Mr. Kemble, which induced the father to send to him, and after stating the circumstance, he observed, that effectual means were taken to prevent an union between Mr. Kemble and his daughter, should they mutually wish it. He then proposed to Mr. K. that if he would relieve him from the duty of being a sentinel over his daughter, by marrying some other lady, he would present him with 4,000*l.* but that it must be done within a fortnight. Mr. Kemble consented, and married Mrs. Brereton; but it is said, the Noble Lord did not keep his promise, and that Mr. Kemble never received a shilling from him.

In 1788, Mr. Kemble became manager of Drury-lane Theatre, in which situation he continued, with the exception of a short interval, until the year 1801. During this period, his conduct in that arduous situation was remarkable for firmness, diligence, integrity, and talent. His single energy accomplished a complete reform in the whole system of scenic dress and decoration. *Macbeth* no longer sported an English *General's* uniform; men of centuries ago no longer figured in the silk court dresses of our own time; and

"Cato's full wig, flowered gown,
and lackered chair,"

gave way to the crop, the toga, and couch. Nor were the improvements in the scenery less remarkable and important. The consequence was an *ensemble* such as had never before been seen in any modern theatre. At the close of the season of 1801, he devoted a year to travelling abroad, and on his return in 1803, he purchased a sixth share of Covent-Garden Theatre, became manager, and appeared for the first time on those boards in his favourite character of *Hamlet*, on the 24th of September. Here he continued his career with eminent success, both as a manager and a performer, until 1808, when the tremendous fire broke out which destroyed the theatre.

From this period until the year 1817, Mr. Kemble continued to be the pride and ornament of the British stage. In the month of March in that year, he took leave of the Edinburgh audience; and on the 23d of June, in the same year, he finally retired from the stage. A magnificent public dinner was given to him on the 27th of June, at which Lord Holland presided, when he was presented with a piece of plate, bearing the following inscription:—

"To John Philip Kemble, on his retiring from the stage, of which, for 36 years he has been the ornament and pride, which to his learning, taste, and genius, was indebted for its present state of refinement, and which, under his auspices, consecrated to the support of the legitimate drama, and more particularly to the glory of Shakspeare, attained to a degree of splendour and prosperity before unknown. This Vase, from a numerous body of his admirers, as a mark of their gratitude and respect, was presented by the hands of their Chairman, on the 27th of June, 1817."

Of Mr. Kemble's talents as an actor it is unnecessary to enlarge, since they must be well known to most of our play-going readers: we may, however, observe, that the impressions he produced were the most vivid and the most pleasing, and that there has seldom lived an actor who left behind him recollections more elevated and poetic than John Philip Kemble. His talents ranged over a large field in the drama, and yet, extensive as the list of his characters was, they were not sufficient for his ambition; and he once had it in contemplation to play *Macheath*, in the *Beggars' Opera*. To prepare him for this task, he got lele-

don to give him some lessons in singing. Tragedy would not suffice Mr. Kemble, and he played the light and buoyant character of *Charles Surface*, in the *School for Scandal*, in defiance of the advice of his best friends, until rallied out of it by one of them, who observed to him, "Mr. Kemble, you have long given us Charles's martyrdom, when shall we have his restoration?"

The histrionic merits of Mr. Kemble are so well estimated in the Ode written by the poet Campbell, the elegant author of the Pleasures of Hope, and presented to him at the farewell dinner to which we have alluded, that we insert it in the Mirror. The Ode was recited at the dinner by Mr. Young, and is as follows:—

Pride of the British Stage
A long and last adieu!
Whose image brought th' heroic age
Reviv'd to Fancy's view.

Like fields refresh'd with dewy light,
When the sun smiles his last,
Thy parting presence makes more bright
Our memory of the past.

And memory conjures feelings up,
That wine or music need not swell,
As high we lift the festal cup,
To "Kemble, Fare thee well."

His was the spell o'er hearts,
Which only acting lends—
The youngest of the Sister Arts,
Where all their beauty blends.

For ill can Poetry express
Full many a tone of thought sublime:
And Painting, mute and motionless,
Steals but one glance from Time.

But, by the mighty Actor brought,
Illusion's wedded triumphs come—
Verse ceases to be airy thought,
And Sculpture to be dumb.

Time may again revive,
But ne'er efface the charm;
When Cato spoke in him alive,
Or Hotspur kindled warm.

What soul was not resign'd entire
To the deep sorrows of the Moor?
What English heart was not on fire,
With him at Agincourt?

And yet a majesty possess'd
His transports most impetuous tone,
And to each passion of his breast
The Graces gave their zone.

High were the task—too high,
Ye conscious bosoms here,
In words to paint your memory
Of Kemble and of Lear.

But who forgets that white dishrowned head,
Those bursts of Reason's half-extinguish'd glare,
Those tears upon Cordelia's bosom shed,
In doubt more touching than despair?

If 'twas reality he felt—
Had Shakspeare's self amidst you been,
Friends, he had seen you melt,
And triumph'd to have seen!

And there was many an hour
Of blended kindred fame,
When Siddons's auxiliar power,
And Sister Magic came.

Together at the Muse's side
Her tragic paragons had grown—
They were the children of her pride,
The columns of her throne.

And undivided favour ran
From heart to heart in their applause—
Save for the gallantry of Man,
In lovelier Woman's cause.

Fair as some classic dome,
Robust and richly grac'd,
Your Kemble's spirit was the home
Of Genius and of Taste—

Taste, like the silent dial's power,
That when supernal light is given,
Can measure Inspiration's hour,
And tell its height in Heaven.

At once ennobled and correct,
His mind survey'd the Tragic page,
And what the Actor could effect,
The Scholar could presage.

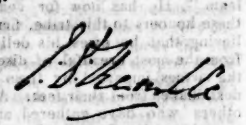
These were his traits of worth—
And must we lose them now?
And shall the scene no more shew forth
His sternly pleasing brow?

Alas! the moral brings a tear—
'Tis all a transient hour below,
And we that would detain thee here,
Ourselves as fleetly go.

Yet shall our latest age
This parting scene review—
Pride of the British Stage
A long and last adieu!

Mr. Kemble was the author of several dramatic pieces, and adapted several others for the stage, but they are not likely to add materially to his fame, though they contain decisive evidence of his learning and good taste. We shall now close this memoir of Mr. Kemble by presenting our readers

with a correct fac-simile of his handwriting.



BANKERIANA.

A PUNNING INVITATION TO DINNER IN THE COUNTRY.

Lombard-street, Feb. 1823.

If you will give me your company at Cash Hall next Tuesday, I promise that you shall meet two of the greatest *Rarities* in London; but you must grant me your *Bond* not to get *Mello*, for the thaw has rendered the *Brooks* dangerous, and the melted *Snow* has so filled the holes, that you may, before you can say "Jack *Robinson*," find yourself *Down* in a *Pitt* much *Fuller* than you like. Your safest way will be to come by the *Mills* (leaving the *Ridge* on your left), and along the *Brooksbank*; and as you are a great *Walker*, just *Call* in at the *Wells*, as you pass through the *Greenwood*, and inquire for one of the *Hoares* (I strongly suspect there is a *Child* in that neighbourhood): this will not be *Farr* out of your road, if you afterwards cross the *Marsh* at the *Smith's* shop, about fifty yards beyond the *Drummond* Arms. You may bring her with you; but pray don't let it be said you *Forster*: it will give me *Payne* if you do any thing which is not *Wright*. Recollect, she is my *Ward*, therefore don't be too *Free*, but look *Sharpe*, and come whistling "o'er the *Lee*;" for Mrs. *Jones*, my cook, will lose her temper if the *Frys* are spoilt. Although my *Chambers* are small, you shall have the famous *Curries* I told you of, and *Goslings* roasted *à la Curtis*, which the Alderman says are not worth a *Grote* without *Burgess's* sauce. Then to follow, a couple of *Cocks* (which, by-the-bye, are now at a great *Price*), with Maldon *Salt*; and, though last not least, a Yorkshire pie from *Halifax*. A few *Pares* from *Heygate* is the only dessert I have to offer you at this season; but I forgot to mention that you may have your choice of *Barclays* or *Hanburys* after your cheese, as I always take care to have plenty of *Maltby*. You can dress at the Hall, for there's a *Taylor* and a *Barber* close at hand, and my *Clarke*, who will be there, can fetch them; for *Rogers'* still lame from the kick he got from the famous *Trotter* I bought at *Dixons*. Poor fellow, how fervently he *Praed* his limb might be spared. Surgeon *Perring* has been most kind and attentive: I shall always recommend him when *Everett* is in my power. There's not a *Whitmore* business doing than when you were in town. Accounts of the expedition to the N. *Pole* are hourly expected at *Lloyd's*. Although I think you are not much of a *Gillman*, I am sure you are *Towgood* to refuse an extra *Gill* to its success. I would *Fane* hope so; for my own part, I would gladly ride to the tenth mile *Stone* on the *Barnett* road, in this dirty weather, in 29 minutes by *Arnold's* chronometer, to the utter discomfiture of *Martin's* blacking, to hear good tidings from it. So you see *Farquhar* was the successful *Chapman* for Fonthill; but its said, I know not with what truth, that both buyer and seller are so rich, that its only like taking out of *Peter's* purse to put it into that of *Paul*. The Wiltshire folks think Mr. *Newcombe* might have been satisfied to remain in London like a good *Denison*; but, in my opinion, it is not at all surprising that wealthy men should grasp at *Morland* and *Attwoods* when they *Selby* auction—especially if they *Wentworth* the money.

I remain always your's most truly,

DISCOUNT.

SPIRIT OF THE Public Journals.

THE BRAHMUN CASTE OF HINDOOS.

The whole body of the Hindoos is divided into four great tribes, the brahmun, the kshutriya, the vishya, and the shoodra. The work of the brahmun is that of offering sacrifices, and presiding at the presenting of these offerings, reading and teaching the veda, offering gifts, and receiving presents. The work of the kshutriya is thus laid down: "To protect the earth, its cattle, and brahmuns:" that of the vishya is, "to keep cattle, carry on trade, lend upon interest, cultivate land," &c. To the shoodra is assigned "the work of serving the brahmuns."

The law for preserving these orders for ever distinct, enjoins, that the higher order shall not have the least communion with the tribe or tribes below them, in marriage, in eating, or in any degree of familiar friendship,

on pain of degradation, and loss of all earthly connections.

The whole of the literature of the country is assigned to the first tribe exclusively, with all its honours and emoluments. In this arrangement, the actual exceptions to this rule are all contrary to the terms and the spirit of the Hindoo institutions. Upon the shoodra who shall dare attempt to require a knowledge of learning of his country, the most horrible anathemas are poured: for reading the veda "a shoodra is condemned to have boiling oil poured into his throat; for hearing it, into his ears; for committing it to memory, he is to be put to death." Munoo says, "Of that king who stupidly looks on, while a shoodra decides causes, the kingdom itself shall be embarrassed like a cow in deep mire."

The effect of these interdictions is, that if a brahmun be reading the veda, and a shoodra happen to come near, the degraded wretch stops his ears, or runs away, lest the wrath of the gods should fall upon him.

Thus all the honours of the country are confined to one hereditary class, without any regard to wealth, education, or character. But what is worse, these honours are, as is seen, connected with the degradation and slavery of full three-fourths of the population; so that while one-fourth is elevated to an equality with the gods, and receives the honours of deity, the other three-fourths are in a more degraded state than the African slave; for these slaves never drink the water in which the slave-holder has washed his feet, never collect the dust which has fallen from his feet, and wear it as a charm to frighten away disease.

On our inquiring lately into the truth of this latter circumstance, it came to our knowledge that the dust from the feet of a thousand brahmuns, and even of a lack, has actually been collected, and drachms of it disposed of, from time to time, as a specific against various diseases. There is now living, at Calcutta, a spice-seller, named Vishnoo-sah, who believes that, by a pinch of the dust shaken from the feet of a lack of brahmuns, worn as a charm, he was cured of the leprosy; and this poor infatuated man comes into the street (at Chitpore) daily, both in the forenoon and afternoon, and stands and bows in the most reverential manner to every brahmun who passes by him. Should a brahmun pass by without receiving this honour, he calls out to him, and says, "Oh! Sir, receive my salaam." He has now for years paid these honours to this tribe, firmly believing that he owes his deliverance from the most dreadful of diseases to the virtues imparted by them to the dust shaken from their feet. Amongst others who have gathered and preserved the dust from the feet of a lack of brahmuns, are mentioned the names of Gunga Govinda-sing, and of Lalababoo his grandson. The former, preserving this dust in a large sheet, as often as he was visited by brahmuns, took them aside, and made them shake the dust from their feet upon this sheet for the good of mankind. Even the dust collected from the feet of single brahmuns is given away in pinches, and is inclosed in gold, silver, and brass caskets worn on the body, and carried about as a charm against diseases, evil spirits, &c. When a poor Hindoo leaves his house, to proceed on some difficult business, he rubs a little of this dust on his forehead; and, if it remain on his forehead till he arrive at the place where this affair is to be adjusted, he feels certain of success.

In addition to this mark of superstitious devotion to this tribe, we have heard that it is common, six days after the birth of a child, to rub the dust from the feet of the brahmun guests upon the forehead, the breast, and other parts of the child's body, as a security against disease.

It is further very common for a shoodra to solicit a brahmun to dip his feet into a little water, which he brings in a cup for the purpose, that he may receive the benefits insured to the individual who drinks the water in which a brahmun has washed his feet. The water must not be the water of the Ganges; for that would be, in the brahmun, an act of disrespect towards the sacred stream. Instead of putting his whole foot into the vessel or cup, however, the brahmun generally satisfies the shoodra by immersing only his great toe. Some preserve, in the house, a quantity of water thus impregnated with divine virtue, and drink of it daily.

The same abject subjection to this tribe of their countrymen is seen in the article of eating. To entertain a number of brahmuns is an act of transcendant merit, and to eat their offals is equally meritorious. Some villages do not contain a single house of brahmuns; and the passage of a brahmun

through the village is, therefore, hailed with the greatest joy, and considered as a most auspicious circumstance. One of the richest of the villagers entreats him to stay and honour the village by permitting them to prepare a meal for him. A large quantity of rice, and other articles, is prepared; and after this sacred guest has eaten to perfect satiety, the remainder is carefully collected, and a few grains sent as an invaluable present to each family.

The shoodra is even taught to believe that, by eating constantly from the plantain leaves which have been used at meals by brahmuns, he shall lose the degradation of continuing a shoodra, and, in the next birth, be infallibly born a brahmun.

Although the bride and bridegroom are enjoined to keep a rigid fast on the day of their nuptials, and every kind of aliment is forbidden them, yet if a brahmun invite them to eat his rice, the law of the shastra is immediately dispensed with. The same fast is enjoined on the day a father dies; but the offals of a brahmun's meal may be eaten, and the fast be thus broken without blame.

The inferior orders of Hindoos are separated from all communion with each other by the law of the caste: they never eat together; and transgression herein would involve the loss of caste, and bring upon the offenders disgrace and ruin. But should a number of shoodras of different orders happen to be at the house of a brahmun, they may all eat there as on privileged ground. Thus the very laws themselves, laws the violation of which incures a forfeiture of every thing dear to the individual, are suspended in the presence and at the caprice of those gods upon earth.

No shoodra may perform, through the priest, a brahmun, any ceremony whatever, without presenting gifts to a brahmun.

Should a brahmun beat a shoodra, and should the latter, while enduring the pain, threaten to complain to the magistrate, he is at once pacified by the representation that the brahmun has, in this act, been really conferring a blessing on him.

It might naturally be supposed that such a yoke as this would be so intolerable that men could never be kept under it; that they would revolt and reject such abominable pretensions as these. Let us then survey the massy walls and the iron gratings of this prison-house the shoodras, and consider the interest which the jailors have in preventing the escape of any of their prisoners.

The penalty connected with the loss of caste is the loss of the whole world. The offender is not only rejected by father, mother, brother, sister, and all that are dear to him, but by all his countrymen. He in vain looks through this inhospitable world; not a hut will open its door to him, and henceforth he can see no more the face of father, mother, brother, or sister, or even of his wife or children. He must tear from his heart every tender tie and recollection, and must hide his head amongst the most degraded outcasts, without the least hope of ever again seeing the faces of those who gave him birth. His own father and mother will run away at his presence, as from one infested by some deadly distemper. Many an individual involved in these circumstances, by his own trespasses, or those of his wife, or some near relative, has abandoned the world, and become a religious mendicant, or has fled to Benares as a place of refuge—or has put an end to his existence. Others have offered a thousand, two thousand, ten thousand, a lack of rupees, to be restored to caste, without success. Here then is a prison, far stronger than any which the civil tyrannies of the world have ever erected; a prison which immures many millions of innocent beings.

We may judge of the interest which the brahmuns have in the continuance of the caste, from the following circumstances:—After the taxes of Government and the bare necessities of the body have been provided for, almost the whole property of the productive classes comes into the hands of the brahmuns. The Hindoo legislators have united religious ceremonies with almost every civil transaction: and the performance of these ceremonies is the exclusive right of the brahmuns, and they are ever connected with presents and feasts to brahmuns. From the Kurmu-Lochun, extracts from which have already appeared in the Friend of India, it appears that religious ceremonies are multiplied to an almost boundless extent among the Hindoos; a stronger proof of which can scarcely be given than the circumstances which have occurred respecting this book. After printing it, the publisher finds that the people are absolutely afraid of purchasing and perusing it, because the proofs hereby

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brought before them of their religious omissions, are so frightfully numerous. The brahmuns, like so many tax-gatherers, present themselves to the poor shoodra at every turn, and demand attention to some ceremony, and the accustomed fee. They work upon his superstition and his fears; they urge the example of his relations and neighbours, they threaten some domestic calamity and the horrors of some degraded birth in futurity, unless the ceremony to which they summon his unwilling attention be performed. A brahmun knows how profitable it is to remind the shoodra, that "the brahmuns are the mouths of the Gods."

In Calcutta and its vicinity, multitudes of brahmuns derive their support from trade; but this is not the case in the interior: there, almost every brahmun derives his support from his profession as a priest, from the temple lands, or from the performance of the almost innumerable ceremonies which are enjoined upon the population, of which those connected with weddings and funerals are the most productive. Still those which are performed for the removal of some evil, or the acquisition of some good, are also a highly fruitful source of revenue, seeing they apply to every object of hope and fear which belongs to the life of an indolent, covetous, and superstitious people. For instance, one man has a religious ceremony performed that such a plan may succeed; another that such a speculation may be profitable; another that such an evil may be removed; and thus the superstitious terrors, the cupidity, and the easily excited hopes of this people are constantly throwing them at the feet of the brahmun, who, like the vulture, is ever on the scent for his prey. To gain a cause in a court of justice, to obtain service, to remove sickness, and on numerous occasions of a similar nature, the brahmun is called to move the gods in favour of the person who presents the fee. In short, the Hindoo never thinks of putting his shoulders to the work of removing the ten thousand real and imaginary ills of life—if a straw lie in his way, he calls the brahmun and entreats him to come with his enchantments to remove it.

A wedding, or a shraddha, affords a fine opportunity for these sons of rapacity; and they are out on the scent after these things with all the eagerness, and sometimes with all the clamour and noise of the jackal. When a person is ill, and there are little hopes of recovery, the brahmuns who expect to be invited to the feast accompanying the ceremonies after death, begin to calculate the expenses attending the feast, and often pass jokes on the person whose mother perhaps is in the agonies of death. A case is within recollection, when the mother of a voidya was very ill, and continued in this state many weeks. A brahmun, addressing the son of this old woman, and lamenting that she lingered so long, said, "These voidya females never die." Thus the brahmuns, like so many vultures ready to pounce upon their prey, wait with impatience the departure of the soul from the body. On these occasions, a thousand brahmuns at once are sometimes feasted, and carry away as presents bedsteads, horses, boats, cows, palankeens, gold, silver, and brass utensils, silks, shawls, broadcloth, garments, &c. &c. Sometimes as much as two or three thousand rupees are given to the brahmuns merely in cash and food. Where a brahmun finds no employment as a priest, he lives on the community, and wherever he goes he finds the houses, and shops, and purses of the people open to him as a privileged pensioner.

As the guardians of the caste, therefore, we may naturally suppose that the brahmuns are ever vigilant; and though there are no officers amongst them whose express duty it is to bring delinquents to punishment, yet there is vigilance enough in the whole body on this head: and the prisoners are so completely within their power, and the men of property so ready to throw in the whole weight of their influence to enforce reverence to the priests, that he must be a bold shoodra who shall claim the right to think and act for himself. When even a brahmun offends against this law, the honour of the caste, and the dread of pollution and ruin, rouse all his relatives against him, who are obliged to abandon him, unless a powerful bribe to those at the head of this division of the tribe becomes efficacious.

Thus the whole frame of Hindoo society is anti-social; and this afflicted people are placed under a regular system of organized oppression, extending even to the minutest domestic arrangement, interfering with every part of that intimate and endeared intercourse which can form the only solace of human society, and subjecting every thing sacred in hospitality, in friendship, and family connections, to the cupidity, the intrusion, the despotic caprice of a wretched inquisitor.

Friend of India, No. V.

The Protean.

Anxious to give the earliest account of every new discovery connected with the arts, we this week present our readers with an additional engraving—a view of a New Carriage invented by Mr. Birch, an eminent coachmaker, of Great Queen-street. This new vehicle, to which the very appropriate name of the PROTEAN has been given, is now a great attraction to the fashionable world, where its variety of appearance and elegance, under all its forms, excite universal admiration.

The original form of the Protean is that of a phaeton, from which it can be transformed in a short time, and with very little trouble, into five other vehicles, all of different shapes, and suited in accommodation to their respective purposes.

The great advantages arising from this invention are as follow: First, that the Protean is a perfect driving phaeton, with a seat for two servants behind: secondly, a cabriolet to be driven by the coachman, the main body being behind, and the steps always remaining, that the persons behind or before can get out without assistance, and the ladies or gentlemen can always be sheltered from the wet.

A gentleman possessing such a phaeton would not like to use it upon every occasion, therefore, if he pleases, it can, by the most simple means, be rendered a curricle with a head: but if it be fine weather, and a head be considered unnecessary, it may be lightened by a simple change; and by substituting shafts for a pole, may have a gig with a head; but if chosen without a head, it makes one of the lightest and most complete dennets ever seen.

Such is the lightness and susceptibility of the construction, that this kind of talismanic transformation may be effected in a few moments by any two persons, altogether unacquainted with the art. The machinery wheel is highly finished, and displays characteristic airiness and elegance.

ANECDOTES OF DOMESTIC LIFE.

Filial Piety.—The great law of nature has implanted in every human breast, a disposition to love and revere those to whom we have been taught from our earliest infancy, to look up for every comfort, convenience, and pleasure in life. While we remain in a state of dependence on them, this impression continues in its full force; but certain it is, that it has a tendency to wear off, as we become masters of ourselves; and hence the propriety of those laws by which, in the institutions of different nations, it has been attempted to guard against a degeneracy into filial ingratitude and disobedience.

XUM

"Honour thy father and thy mother," was the command of the Divine Author of the Jewish dispensation. "That thy days may be long in the land," is the peculiar reward which he promises to those who obey the solemn injunction. And as he has been pleased to express his approbation of a steady adherence to this law, by singular marks of favour, so also did he punish the breach of it by exemplary displeasure; death was the only expiation for this offence.

Nor have the Jews been the only nation who have looked upon disobedience to parents, as worthy of capital punishment.

In China, let a son become ever so rich, and a father ever so poor, there is no submission, no point of obedience, that the latter cannot command, or that the former can refuse. The father is not only absolute master of his son's estate, but also of his children, who, whenever they displease him, he may sell to strangers. When a father accuses his son before a mandarin, there needs no proof of his guilt, for they cannot believe that any father can be so unnatural as to bring a false accusation against his own son. But should a son be so insolent as to mock his father, or arrive at such a pitch of wickedness as to strike him, all the province where this shameful act of violence is committed, is alarmed; it even becomes the concern of the whole empire; the Emperor himself judges the criminal. All the mandarins near the place, are turned out of their posts, especially those in the town where he lived, for having been so negligent in their instructions; and all the neighbours are reprimanded for neglecting, by former punishments, to put a stop to the wickedness of the criminal, before it arrived at such flagitiousness. With respect to the unhappy wretch himself, they cut him to a thousand pieces, burn his bones, raze the house in which he lived, as well as those houses that stand near it, and sow the ground with salt, as supposing that there must be some hopeless depravity of manners in a community to which such a monster belonged.

The filial duty is the same with the prince and the peasant in China; and the Emperor, every New Year's Day, pays a particular homage to his mother, in the palace, at which ceremony all the great officers of the state assist.

The Persians, according to Herodotus, held the crime of domestic rebellion, in nearly as much detestation as the Chinese, but they treated it after a more refined manner. They looked on the striking or slaying of a father, as an *impossible* offence; and when an accident of the kind happened, adjudged that the defender could not be the son of the party injured or slain, but must have been supersitiously imposed on him as such.

Cicero observes, that Solon, the wise legislator of Athens, had provided no law against parricide; and that being asked why he had not? he answered, "That to make laws against, and ordain punishments for, a crime that had been never known or heard of, was the way to introduce it, rather than prevent it."

In Rome, no less than six hundred years, from the building of the city, had elapsed, before so much as a name for the crime of parricide was known amongst them. The punishment ordained for the first who stained his hands with the blood of the author of his being, was, that he should be scourged till he was flayed, then sown up in a sack, together with a dog, a cock, a viper, and an ape, and so thrown headlong to the bottom of the sea.

It is a great stain on the character of the more recent ages of the world, that the crime should ever have become of less rare occurrence; yet is nothing, perhaps, have the ways of God to man been more signally justified, than in the punishment which has sooner or later followed all deviations from filial love and duty. So proverbial indeed, has this become, as to make any particular illustration of the fact, wholly unnecessary. Be ours, therefore, the more pleasing task to record a few of the far more numerous instances, in which sons have done honour to human nature, by the honour which they have paid to the authors of their being.

The exploit which procured for Eneas, the title of the Pious, is known to all who have read of the siege of Troy; that of the brothers Anapias and Amphinomus, which was altogether similar, is of less notoriety. In the 477th year before the Christian era, an eruption took place of Mount Etna, and the inhabitants of its vicinity were in the most imminent danger. Every one hastened to load himself with what he valued most, and to fly from the spot. One aged couple alone, were too old and infirm to move; but Providence had blessed them with two affectionate sons, Anapias and Amphinomus, who

conceiving, justly, that they could save no more precious treasure than the lives of their parents, took them upon their shoulders, the one the father, and the other the mother, and so carried them beyond the reach of danger. What Camerarius adds, partakes exceedingly of the marvellous; but though there is no occasion for believing it, it has enough of good feeling in it, to please the reader: "It is an admirable thing," he says, "that God, in consideration of this piety, though in Pagans, did a miracle; for the monuments of all antiquity witness that the devouring flames stopped at the spectacle; and the fire wasting and broiling all about them, the only way through which these two good sons passed, was spontried with fresh verdure, and called afterwards, by posterity, the "Field of the Pious."

Epaminondas, the Theban general, being asked what was the most pleasant thing that had happened to him in the course of his whole life, replied, "that he remembered nothing more pleasant than that he had achieved the Leuctrian victory, while his father and mother were yet alive to be pleased with the glory of their son."

Pomponius Atticus, in making the funeral oration over the remains of his mother, protested that though he had lived with her sixty-seven years, he had never been reconciled to her."—The audience seemed struck with surprise, at such a declaration from one who was famed for his attachment to his mother. "No," continued Atticus, "for in all that time there never happened the least jar betwixt us, that needed reconciliation."

The gallant Sertorius, though fond of a military life, and though in a situation as general in Spain, which promised him a noble harvest of laurels, solicited permission from the senate, to return home, that he might once more enjoy the society of his mother. Before he could receive an answer to this application, news was brought to him that his mother was no more. Sertorius was so afflicted with the tidings, that he shut himself up in his tent for seven days, during all which time, he lay on the ground, lamenting, and would not suffer even his most familiar friends to break in upon his sorrow.

The first gilded statue that ever was erected, either in Rome, or in any part of Italy, was one by a son to the honour of a father; by M. Acilius Glabrio, a knight, in memory of the triumph which his father had achieved over Antiochus, at the straits of Thermopylæ. It was erected in the Temple of Piety.

When our Edward the First was in the Holy Land, he received, successively, the news of the death of his only son, and of his father, Henry the Third. He took the first loss resignedly; but on the second, he was quite comfortless and dejected. When Charles, King of Sicily, expressed his surprise at this difference, Edward replied, "God may send me more sons; but the death of a father is irrecoverable."

Singular Marriage Ceremony.—Among the Libernians, a singular custom prevails at their weddings. Before the dinner is over, the bride and all the guests rise from the table; she has then to throw over the roof of the bridegroom's house, a cake, called kolarh, made of coarse dough. The higher she throws it, the happier, according to their notion, the union will make a good housewife; and as the houses are very low, and the cake as hard as a stone, the bride seldom fails in ensuring the lucky omen. Two men attend the bride, and are expected to present her with new shoes and stockings: she does not put them on till after her dance, and gives two or three old handkerchiefs in return.

Melancholy Mistakes.—A few years ago, a fire took place in Whitechapel, in some houses principally occupied by lodgers. So rapid were the flames, that it was with the utmost difficulty that the wretched inhabitants could be rescued. A poor woman, with a large family, who had just escaped, was kneeling, with her children around her, to return God thanks for their preservation, when she found that her youngest child, an infant, was still missing. With a courage and desperation which maternal affection, heightened by despair, alone could have prompted, she flew, half naked as she was, up the blazing staircase, flew into the room, snatched the babe from the cradle, and bore it in triumph to her family group; a triumph, alas! short-lived, for the child was not her own. Misled by the smoke which filled the building, she had entered a wrong apartment, and rescued the child of one of her neighbours, instead of her own. She hastened back, but by this time the whole building had fallen in, when she sunk senseless on the ground, and died in a few hours.

A somewhat similar, though not so distressing, an event, occurred during the rejoicings at Paris, on the marriage festivities of the Dauphin, afterwards the unfortunate Louis XVI. In the

XUM

Place Louis XV. there were very brilliant fireworks prepared; but by some accident, the scaffolding prepared for them took fire; the rush of the crowd, and the crash of coaches, was such, that several persons were trampled to death under the horses feet, and others were killed by the pressure.

One man, of the name of Pierre Debois, who went to see the promised amusements, took with him a young woman, to whom he was next day to have been married. When the disaster of the scaffolds caused every person to seek his safety in immediate escape, Pierre and his mistress hastened from the fatal scene, and being strong and athletic, he was enabled for some time to protect her from the most immediate pressure of the crowd; but the danger and the terror increased, and she exclaimed, "Oh! I am falling, I can go no farther." "Courage!" cried the lover, "I can still save thee, if thou wilt but get upon my shoulders." He soon found that his shoulders had received their burthen, and animated by new courage, he forced his way through the crowd, and reaching a place of safety, he set down his precious burden, expecting, in the smile that would greet him, an ample recompense for all his toil. Half intoxicated with joy at his having rescued his beloved, he turned round to receive her embrace, when, alas! he found that it was a different person, who had taken advantage of his recommendation, and that his own Henrietta had been left to perish in the crowd.

PETER PINDARICS;

OR, JOE MILLER VERSIFIED.

No. IV.

THE FARMER AND THE COUNSELLOR.

A Counsel in the Common Pleas,
Who was esteem'd a mighty wit,
Upon the strength of a chance hit
Amid a thousand flippancies,
And his occasional bad jokes
In bullying, bantering, brow-beating,
Ridiculing and maltreating,
Women or other timid folks,
In a late cause resolved to hoax
A clownish Yorkshire farmer—one,
Who by his uncouth look and gait,
Appear'd expressly meant by Fate
For being quizz'd and play'd upon.

So having tipp'd the wink to those
In the back rows,
Who kept their laughter bottled down
Until our wag should draw the cork,
He smiled jocosely on the clown,
And went to work.

"Well, Farmer Numscull, how go
calves at York?"

"Why—not, sir, as they do wi' you,
But on four legs, instead of two."

"Officer!" cried the legal elf,
Piqued at the laugh against himself,
"Do pray keep silence down below
there:
Now look at me, clown, attend,
Have I not seen you somewhere,
friend?"—

"Yees—very like—I often go there."

"Our rustic's waggish—quite laconic,"
The counsel cried, with grim sardonic;
"I wish I'd known this prodigy,
This genius of the clods, when I
On circuit was at York residing.
Now, Farmer, do for once speak true,
Mind, you're on oath, so tell me, you
Who doubtless think yourself so clever,
Are there as many fools as ever
In the West Riding?"

"Why no, sir, no; we've got our
share,
But not so many as when you were
there."

The Novelist.

No. XVIII.

THE VICAR AND THE SOLDIER.

A French soldier had obtained leave to see his friends. One evening he was trudging along with his knapsack on his back, rich in honour and courage, but with a pocket of the lightest; notwithstanding which he sung his old songs with that heart of gaiety and ease, which, under the most penurious circumstances, is peculiar to his thoughtless countrymen.

In this merry mood he met a clergyman, whom he soon conjectured to be the vicar of some village, and whom he instantly conceived, moreover, to be a good man. Nor was he mistaken: there was an air of benignity in this clergyman that bespoke an excellent heart; and a careless frankness in our honest soldier that prepossessed one in favour of him. The conversation turned at first on the military profession; and the good vicar was delighted to see the animation and loyalty which appeared in every gesture and speech of the gallant veteran. At length on the point of parting the soldier said, "How happy is your reverence! You do not seem to be thirsty; while I—I am absolutely choaked; I have travelled so many miles to day."—"If your way lies through my village I will give you some refreshment. I have some

tolerable good wine; and there, to the left, beyond those trees, is my snug little parsonage."—"Thank you, sir, for your civilities; but I am obliged to take a contrary way, I must be at my journey's end as soon as possible. However, I will not conceal it, some good wine would rejoice my eyes exceedingly. And why should I be ashamed to confess it? You seem to be a worthy clergyman: our pay is so very poor! Ah! please your reverence, a shilling would make me as rich as Crœsus."

The vicar, smiling, put the shilling into his hands, "There, my honest friend, I give it with pleasure; drink my health with it."—"Heaven bless your reverence. Adieu, sir, good night, and a thousand thousand thanks." They then parted, the grateful soldier continually repeating "Oh! what a good clergyman! what a good clergyman is this!"

The vicar, on his part, felt the most sensible pleasure in this adventure. He admired the blunt frankness and apparent sensibility of the soldier; and, on a sudden, he took the resolution to rejoin him: "Comrade," said he, as he came near him, "return me that shilling."—"What! your reverence, do you repent of having made a poor devil happy? But here it is—I did not extort it." The vicar received it, and giving him a crown-piece in its stead, "I beg your pardon," said he, "this trifle was not worth having; I have thought better of it."—"A crown, your reverence! A crown! Do you mean to tempt me? I assure you that shilling was sufficient."—"But it was not sufficient for me," replied the good natured vicar: "pray accept this trifle, and you will greatly oblige me."

They parted once more—and the soldier, after travelling a long time, perceived that the village where he had proposed to lodge that night, was still so very distant that, after all, it would be much better to turn towards that which the vicar had pointed out, and take up his quarters there.

Accordingly he entered the village, and attentive at this moment to economy, he entered a wretched alehouse. "Comrade," said he, "bring me a pint of wine, and hark ye, let it be the best: I am intolerably thirsty." The landlord placed him at the same table where three honest peasants were conversing with great volubility. "Sit down here," said one of the peasants, "you will not be too much: we love gentlemen of your cloth; they serve the king and fight for us." Then turning to his companions, "I tell thee, Claude, he is the jewel of men! Did you observe with what discrimination he judged in that there affair of Gaffer Matthew?"—"Ah!" said Christopher, "he's one that does as he says, and so I gets his sermons almost by heart."—"My good friends," interrupted the soldier, tossing off a large bumper of wine, "you are praising some honest fellow: may I know who he is?"—"Mr. Officer, it is our vicar."—"Your vicar! Here, boy, bring me another pint. Your vicar—and all that you say is true?"—"True! why we a'n't yet said half enough. There is n't his fellow on earth. Hark ye, would you believe it, we a'n't had a single law suit since he has been in the parish! He is the best creature in the world."—"My good friends," said the soldier, and he related to them how good the vicar had been to him—"Had you but seen him," said he, "turn back to give me a crown. Here it is. I won't carry it away. Comrades, we will sup together on condition we all drink his health."

He instantly ordered the landlord to spread supper on the table, and the conversation continued; "Hark ye, my friends, I have just thought of it: I cannot leave this place without having visited my good vicar. I have not thanked him enough. But it is now late: I shall sleep here to-night; and to-morrow morning early I will go and see him."

"And why not this evening, Mr. Soldier? The visits of such brave fellows as you are always acceptable. I'll answer for it he will give you both supper and lodging with all his soul. Poor man! he has some rascals of nephews that torment him, and who are for getting whatever they can from him."—"They torment him! Let him turn them over to me: I'd manage them. I'll go then this instant to the good vicar: but I scarce know my way."—The three peasants, with one voice, offered to be his guides; the reckoning was discharged, and they all set out.

They arrived at the door of the parsonage-house: they knocked, and they knocked again. No answer was returned: not the slightest noise was heard. "What," said one of the peasants, "what can be the meaning of this? I don't half like it." They now knocked with greater violence; but all was still silent, and even the great dog was not heard to bark. Their fears

increased. "This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear." —"They won't open it, my friends. I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door." The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts: he entered first: with what an object was he struck!—a man hanging upon a beam; he ran to him: he recollected the good vicar; it was impossible to express his agitation: he perceived some signs of life; he quickly cut the rope; he took him in his arms; he revived him. "I hear some noise," said he; "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus." He perceived the dog was killed; he went up stairs into the vicar's apartment, and he there found three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier, with daggers in their hands. "Wretches," said he, undaunted by numbers, "and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?" With these words he lost no time: he killed one of the assassins: he seized the two others, after severely wounding one of them; and he brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered. "My nephews!" he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!"—"Your nephews! The monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the marechaussée*." In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion on his guilty nephews: the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. "My gratitude," says he, "is inexpressible, you are my friend, my relation, my son. My whole life is yours: you have rescued me from death; and we will never part."

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after lived together. The vicar never recollected his happy meeting with him without adoring the superintending Providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous vicar of * * * *. W. W.

* A troop of horse, that patrole the country in France, to apprehend robbers, &c.

Miscellanies.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP HOADLY.

Dr. Hoadly, when Bishop of Winchester, was once in the greatest danger of suffering the loss of 10,000*l.* The circumstances of the case were these: it was at the time when franks required the signature *only* of a Peer or Member of Parliament. The remainder of the sheet of paper was at the disposal of the person possessing the frank; and so easy was the system of *franking* made, that servants would often write this signature. In the instance of which I am speaking, a frank had been obtained of the Bishop abovementioned, which was used by the person possessed of it, and who, if not a Frenchman by country, had at least a French name, for the nefarious purpose of writing over it, "a *promissory note* for 10,000*l.* in his own favour." The Bishop, on the knowledge of the existence of such a claim on him, knew it to be a forgery, and took legal measures to defend himself against it. To do this, he wished to see the note, and on his requesting it, it was very willingly put into his hands, *to all appearance* on honourable reliance on his returning it; but, as *his sagacity taught him*, in reality, to tempt him to embrace the opportunity to destroy it. His Lordship, aware of this, and that, by falling into the trap, he should destroy the existing proof of its being a forgery, contented himself by taking a fac-simile copy of it, and returned it, whereby he was enabled to prove *his fact*, and refute the claim.

MINIATURE WATCH.

In 1764, a miniature watch of the most curious construction, was presented to his late Majesty, by the maker, Mr. Arnold, an eminent artist, who resided for many years in Devereux-court, Strand.

The size of this ingenious piece of mechanism, was something less than a silver twopence; it contained 120 different parts, and it altogether weighed no more than five pennyweights, seven grains, and three-fourths.

The great wheel and fuzee, 2 grains and $\frac{3}{4}$—second wheel and pinion, $\frac{2}{3}$ of a grain—barrel and main spring, 3 grains and $\frac{1}{4}$—third wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-10th of a grain—cylinder wheel and pinion, 1-16th of a grain—balance, pendulum, cylinder, spring, and colet $\frac{2}{3}$ds of a grain—the pendulum spring, 3-100th of a grain

-the chain, ½ a grain—barrel and main-spring, 1 grain and ½—great wheel and ratchet, ¼ grain—second wheel and pinion, 1-7th of a grain—third wheel and pinion, ⅛th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fly-wheel and pinion, 1-17th of a grain—fly-pinion 1-20th of a grain—hour hammer, ½ grain—quarter hammer ½ grain—rack chain and pulley, 1 grain and ½—quarter and half quarter rack, ½ds of a grain—the quarter and half quarter snail and common pinion ½ds of a grain—the all-forsaking piece, ½ a grain—the motion wheels, one grain—steel dial plate, with gold figures, 3 grains and ½—the hour snail and star, one ½ and the 1-16th of a grain.

THE COMFORTS OF AN INN.

A Parody on the "Woodpecker."

I knew by the post that so gaily display'd
The sign of a Bear, that a tavern was near;
And said if a cask of good ale was e'er made,
The man that was thirsty might wish for it here.
It was noon, and in mud puddles scattered around,
In silence repos'd the voluptuous hog—
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the Innkeeper flogging a mischievous dog.
And here in this little lone spot, I exclaim'd,
With a pipe in my mouth, and a drop in my eye;
With a cask of good liquor, old rye coffee nam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I *lie*;
By the side of yon oak, where an old toper sips
His glass of gin toddy, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the liquor I rais'd to my lips,
Had never been tasted by any but mine.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

The Rev. Mr. Hagamore, of Catsbogs, Leicestershire, was a very singular character. He died the 1st of January, 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700*l.* per annum, and 1000*l.* in money, which, as he died intestate, fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was found dead. His servants heard his call for assistance, but being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none, 50 saddles, and furniture for the menage, 30 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks, that a toyman in Leicester-fields offered 8*l.* for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes, 200 spades and shovels, 75 ladders, and 240 razors.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

Cure for the Asthma.—Wm. Masters, Esq. who died in March, 1799, was a colonel under the old Duke of Cumberland; and in one of the engagements was shot through the lungs by a musket ball, which entirely cured him of a violent asthma. The Duke used to say, when any of his officers laboured under that disorder, that they must get shot through the lungs like Masters.

THE DISTINCTION.

At a public school, by chance there were two lads
Of the same name, but boasting different dads.
One's father kept a tavern, fam'd for cheer,
The other's was 'yclep'd an auctioneer:
Mistakes to end, their school-fellows so knowing,
Call'd the one, quaintly, *coming*, t'other *going*.

EPIGRAM.

Dick, often drunk, when cross sick gravely swore,
That while he breathed, he never would drink more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjured thinks
Himself, but says, he *breathes* not whilst he drinks.

increased. "This is very singular: he is always at home at this hour: we must absolutely make somebody hear." —"They won't open it, my friends. I know an excellent way to enter: we must burst open the door." The soldier instantly applied to this work: the door soon yielded to his efforts: he entered first: with what an object was he struck!—a man hanging upon a beam; he ran to him: he recollected the good vicar; it was impossible to express his agitation: he perceived some signs of life; he quickly cut the rope; he took him in his arms; he revived him. "I hear some noise," said he; "shut the door; take care of this good man, and I'll do justice to the wretches that have treated him thus." He perceived the dog was killed; he went up stairs into the vicar's apartment, and he there found three wretches endeavouring to conceal themselves. Finding themselves discovered, they took the resolution to fall upon the soldier, with daggers in their hands. "Wretches," said he, undaunted by numbers, "and is it thus you have treated the good vicar?" With these words he lost no time: he killed one of the assassins: he seized the two others, after severely wounding one of them; and he brought them below. The poor vicar was by this time recovered. "My nephews!" he exclaimed, "and oh, my good deliverer!"—"Your nephews! The monsters! I will instantly deliver them over to the marechaussée*." In vain the forgiving uncle implored compassion on his guilty nephews: the whole village had now gathered to the spot; the assassins were delivered over to the hands of justice, and suffered the punishment due to their atrocious crime.

The vicar would not permit his deliverer to leave him. "My gratitude," says he, "is inexpressible, you are my friend, my relation, my son. My whole life is yours: you have rescued me from death; and we will never part."

The good man hastened to purchase the discharge of the worthy soldier; and they ever after lived together. The vicar never recollected his happy meeting with him without adoring the superintending Providence of God; and the soldier, released from the hard fare of a military life, had the satisfaction of seeing a thousand good actions, that endeared to him still more and more the best of men, the virtuous vicar of * * * *. W. W.

* A troop of horse, that patrole the country in France, to apprehend robbers, &c.

Miscellanies.

ANECDOTE OF BISHOP HOADLY.

Dr. Hoadly, when Bishop of Winchester, was once in the greatest danger of suffering the loss of 10,000*l*.—The circumstances of the case were these: it was at the time when franks required the signature only of a Peer or Member of Parliament. The remainder of the sheet of paper was at the disposal of the person possessing the frank; and so easy was the system of *franking* made, that servants would often write this signature. In the instance of which I am speaking, a frank had been obtained of the Bishop abovementioned, which was used by the person possessed of it, and who, if not a Frenchman by country, had at least a French name, for the nefarious purpose of writing over it, "a *promissory note* for 10,000*l*. in his own favour." The Bishop, on the knowledge of the existence of such a claim on him, knew it to be a forgery, and took legal measures to defend himself against it. To do this, he wished to see the note, and on his requesting it, it was very willingly put into his hands, *to all appearance* on honourable reliance on his returning it; but, as *his sagacity taught him*, in reality, to tempt him to embrace the opportunity to destroy it. His Lordship, aware of this, and that, by falling into the trap, he should destroy the existing proof of its being a forgery, contented himself by taking a fac-simile copy of it, and returned it, whereby he was enabled to prove *his fact*, and refute the claim.

MINIATURE WATCH.

In 1764, a miniature watch of the most curious construction, was presented to his late Majesty, by the maker, Mr. Arnold, an eminent artist, who resided for many years in Devereux-court, Strand.

The size of this ingenious piece of mechanism, was something less than a silver twopence; it contained 190 different parts, and it altogether weighed no more than five pennyweights, seven grains, and three-fourths.

The great wheel and fuzee, 2 grains and $\frac{3}{4}$—second wheel and pinion, $\frac{3}{4}$ of a grain—barrel and main spring, 3 grains and $\frac{1}{2}$—third wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-10th of a grain—cylinder wheel and pinion, 1-16th of a grain—balance, pendulum, cylinder, spring, and colet $\frac{3}{8}$ds of a grain—the pendulum spring, 3-100th of a grain

—the chain, ½ a grain—barrel and main-spring, 1 grain and ½—great wheel and ratchet, ½ grain—second wheel and pinion, 1-7th of a grain—third wheel and pinion, ¼th of a grain—fourth wheel and pinion, 1-9th of a grain—fly-wheel and pinion, 1-17th of a grain—fly-pinion 1-20th of a grain—hour hammer, ½ grain—quarter hammer ½ grain—rack chain and pulley, 1 grain and ½—quarter and half quarter rack, ⅓ds of a grain—the quarter and half quarter snail and common pinion ⅓ds of a grain—the all-forsaking piece, ½ a grain—the motion wheels, one grain—steel dial plate, with gold figures, 3 grains and ½—the hour snail and star, one ½ and the 1-10th of a grain.

THE COMFORTS OF AN INN.

A Parody on the "Woodpecker."

I knew by the post that so gaily display'd
The sign of a Bear, that a tavern was near;
And said if a cask of good ale was e'er made,
The man that was thirsty might wish for it here.
It was noon, and in mud puddles scattered around,
In silence repos'd the voluptuous hog—
Every leaf was at rest, and I heard not a sound,
Save the Innkeeper flogging a mischievous dog.
And here in this little lone spot, I exclaim'd,
With a pipe in my mouth, and a drop in my eye;
With a cask of good liquor, old rye coffee nam'd,
How blest could I live, and how calm could I *lie*;
By the side of yon oak, where an old toper sips
His glass of gin toddy, how sweet to recline,
And to know that the liquor I rais'd to my lips,
Had never been tasted by any but mine.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

The Rev. Mr. Hagamore, of Catsbege, Leicestershire, was a very singular character. He died the 1st of January, 1776, possessed of the following effects, viz. 700*l.* per annum, and 1000*l.* in money, which, as he died intestate, fell to a ticket-porter in London. He kept one servant of each sex, whom he locked up every night. His last employment of an evening was to go round his premises, let loose his dogs, and fire his gun. He lost his life as follows: Going one morning to let out his servants, the dogs fawned upon him suddenly, and threw him into a pond, where he was found dead. His servants heard his call for assistance, but being locked up, they could not lend him any. He had 30 gowns and cassocks, 100 pair of breeches, 100 pair of boots, 400 pair of shoes, 80 wigs, yet always wore his own hair, 58 dogs, 80 waggons and carts, 80 ploughs, and used none, 50 saddles, and furniture for the menage, 20 wheelbarrows, so many walking-sticks, that a toyman in Leicester-fields offered 6*l.* for them, 60 horses and mares, 200 pickaxes, 200 spades and shovels, 74 ladders, and 240 razors.

The Gatherer.

"I am but a *Gatherer* and disposer of other men's stuff."—Wotton.

CURE FOR THE ASTHMA.—Wm. Masters, Esq. who died in March, 1799, was a colonel under the old Duke of Cumberland; and in one of the engagements was shot through the lungs by a musket ball, which entirely cured him of a violent asthma. The Duke used to say, when any of his officers laboured under that disorder, that they must get shot through the lungs like Masters.

THE DISTINCTION.

At a public school, by chance there were
two lads
Of the same name, but boasting diff'rent dads.
One's father kept a tavern, fam'd for
cheer,
The other's was 'yclep'd an auctioneer:
Mistakes to end, their school-fellows
so knowing,
Call'd the one, quaintly, *coming*,
t'other *going*.

EPIGRAM.

Dick, often drunk, when cross sick
gravely swore,
That while he breathed, he never
would drink more;
Dick daily tipsy grows, nor perjured
thinks
Himself, but says, he *breathes* not
whilst he drinks.

Curious Proportions of Art.—The great bell in Lincoln Cathedral, called Tom of Lincoln, measures 22 ft. 8 in. in circumference, weighs nearly five tons, and will hold four hundred and twenty-four gallons, ale measure.

Among the curiosities of Strasburg cathedral, are two large bells, one of which is brass, and weighs ten tons; the other is of silver, and is said to weigh above two tons.

At Erfurt, in Germany, there is a bell, reckoned one of the largest in Europe. It weighs upwards of twelve tons, is nearly eleven feet in height, and as many yards in circumference. It is said, that its sound may be heard at the distance of twenty-four miles.

EPIGRAMS.

1.

Money, 'tis said, is evil's root,
Yet justly we may doubt it;
Who can expect good thriving fruit
From any stock without it?

2.

Can man sustain a greater curse,
Than to possess an empty purse?
Yes: with abundance to be blest,
And not enjoy the power to taste.

3.

Rich Gripe doth all his thoughts and cunning bend,
To increase that wealth he wants the soul to spend;
Poor Shifter doth his whole contrivance set,
To spend that wealth he wants the sense to get.
How happy would appear to each his fate,
Had Gripe his humour, or he Gripe's estate!
Kind Fate and Fortune, blend them, if you can;
And of *two* wretches, make *one* happy man.

4.

Quoth Tom, to his tenant, come pay me my rent,
For I'm quite *aground*, and my money all spent.
Indeed, replied he, as he heavily sigh'd,
Just please to wait till the *rise of the tide*.

An Ambassador of Spain advised James II. not to give himself so much up to Priests, whose imprudent counsels might make him lose his crown. "How then!" answered James, "does the King of Spain never consult his Confessors?" *He does*, replied the Ambassador; *and for this very reason our affairs take such a bad turn.*

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